THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, February 27, 1804.

ELIZA LASCELLS: A TALE.

(Continued from Page 149, and concluded.)

ELIZA then enquired whether ſhe knew any thing of her hiſtory, and found that ſhe was the natural daughter of a nobleman, who was placed under the entire care of a ſchool-miſtreſs in town, and that Edward had accidentally ſeen her as ſhe was going to church. By bribing the ſervants he contrived to get his letters delivered; and, through the ſame channel, ſeveral interviews had been obtained, and at length the deluded girl conſented to place herſelf under his care. This intelligence Eliza's informer had received from Edward's ſervant, who had been his agent in this iniquitous ſcheme: and after rewarding her for this piece of intelligence, ſhe determined to call under pretence of enquiring the character of this maid.

The young woman accordingly quitted the carriage, for the purpoſe of informing her miſtreſs that a lady would call; and after Eliza had recovered from the agitation this intelligence had occaſioned, ſhe ordered the coachman to drive to Mrs. Smith's; the door was opened by a ſervant in the family's livery, except there being no creſt upon the buttons of the coat, and ſhe was conducted up ſtairs into an elegant drawing-room, where ſhe was introduced to the moſt lovely creature ſhe had ever beheld.

The pallidneſs of Eliza's countenance, and the ſhortneſs of her breathing, was an apology for that agitation ſhe could not conceal. The portrait of Edward was placed over the chimney-piece, and from that it was with the utmoſt difficulty that ſhe could direct her eyes. She aſked a thouſand more queſtions than were abſolutely neceſſary, under the hope of ſeeing the child; and her curioſity was at laſt ſatisfied, by the nurſe bring-

ing it in after a walk. The reſemblance to its father would not have been ſtriking to a ſtranger, but Eliza fancied ſhe could trace it in every look; and when ſhe embraced it, her agitation was ſo violent, that ſhe involuntarily burſt into a flood of tears. The lovely Emma regarded her with aſtoniſhment, when the wretched Eliza found it neceſſary to fabricate an excuſe. "I once, Madam," ſaid ſhe, "had a child, and I could fancy I ſee a reſemblance to him in the features of this intereſting babe. I ought, I am aware, to apologize for this weakneſs, but, being a mother, I flatter myſelf your heart will plead my excuſe."

The ſympathizing Mrs. Smith caught the tender infection, and replied to Eliza's apology with tears, implored her to take ſome refreſhment, and told her ſhe was too ill to venture out alone. Not ſatisfied with this, ſhe offered to accompany her, and upon Eliza's declining this civility, intreated her to let her ſervant go behind the coach; but this propoſal was refuſed under the pretence that ſhe had a lady waiting for her in Brompton-row.

Though Eliza's curioſity was ſatisfied by the ſight of the beautiful Emma, yet the anguiſh of her mind was greatly increaſed, and, in the debilitated ſtate of her health, increaſed a diſorder that had entirely been brought on by the agitation of her mind.

The viſit ſhe had made was concealed from Mrs. Laſcells, who that morning happened not to be well, in conſequence of which ſhe did not leave her chamber till after the clock had ſtruck one. Eliza had returned a few minutes before her mother entered the drawing-room, who was ſhocked at the pallid hue of her face, but not knowing ſhe had been out attributed it to the increaſe of her malady, and inſtantly diſpatched a ſervant to Dr. B——. Finding her pulſe materially worſe, he adviſed an immediate removal to Liſbon, without waiting for Mr. Charlton's return; informing Mrs. Laſcells that it was the only means likely to preſerve the life of her child.—That affectionate woman agonized at this intelligence, ſent an expreſs to Sir Charles's country ſeat, informing her ſon, they were going to ſet out for Falmouth, and expected he ſhould meet them, as they ſhould travel very ſlow. When the meſſenger arrived, Edward was confined to his chamber with a violent cold and ſore throat; but he wrote in the moſt affectionate ſtyle to Eliza, promiſing to follow her as ſoon as he was able to move. His profeſſions of tenderneſs no longer afforded her gratification, as ſhe too well knew they did not proceed from the heart; the image of the ruined Emma was continually before her, yet ſhe never told her mother of this proof of his diſregard.

Not any thing material occurred during their voyage to Liſbon; but upon her arrival there her ſtrength was ſo much exhauſted that ſhe was obliged to be carried from the ſhip, and

Mrs.

Mrs. Lafcells had the mifery of hearing a conſultation of phyſicians declare, that it appeared to be a loſt caſe. The feelings of the parent conquered the fortitude of the Chriſtian, and the anguiſh ſhe endured was too poignant to be concealed; Eliza had long known her real ſituation, and felt not a wiſh for the prolongation of life. "My beloved mother," ſaid ſhe, one evening, when Mrs. Lafcells was weeping over her, "Why will you indulge this violence of grief? Oh! could you but know the mifery I have ſuffered, I am ſure you would not wiſh the prolongation of my life. "You may not have been happy, my dear Eliza," ſaid Mrs. Lafcells "but there are many degrees between that, and the feelings you expreſs. If your huſband's conduct has not been all that you merit, yet ſurely, it never occaſioned you ſuch infinite diſtreſs: beſides, my beloved girl, he has youth to plead as his apology, and I truſt that your prudence may yet reclaim him from vice—You have a child, my Eliza—You have a mother, who adores you, and ſurely, theſe are ties which ought to endear you to life."

"I have a child," replied Eliza, "and to your protection I commit him. I have a mother—and oh! ſuch a mother as I do not deſerve; but when I ungratefully planted the thorn in her boſom, it not only pierced, but corroded my own!—What a leſſon may the undutiful learn from my misfortunes! Could I expect that happineſs could be the lot of an ungrateful child? Ah, no, my beſt of mothers! What I have ſuffered is a puniſhment—a juſt puniſhment, I allow, for the commiſſion of a crime! —Could I but ſee you reconciled to our inevitable ſeparation, I ſhould bid adieu to the world without a ſigh, except that which was excited from tenderneſs to my little Edward, whom I know, you will prevent from feeling my loſs.—To his father, with your permiſſion, I would write a few lines, but not to be delivered to him until after my death; which, if a perſon in my ſituation can be a judge of their own feelings, I think will occur before he arrives. Will you then let me have pen, ink, and paper, and leave me for half an hour alone."

The implements for writing were immediately placed before Eliza, and with pillows ſhe was placed upright in the bed. Her agitated mother quitted the apartment, and left her in the care of the nurſe.

To Edward Charlton, Eſq.

"When you know, my ſtill dear, though unkind Edward, that the hand which writes this, will write no more, and that the being who now addreſſes you, will, at the moment you peruſe theſe ſentiments, be numbered with the ſilent dead, I am inclined to believe they will make an impreſſion; for, though I have loſt your affection, I cannot have forfeited your eſteem.—I mean not to reproach you for that verſatility of diſpoſition which is

too frequently attached to the period of youth—The change in your affection I conſider as a juſt puniſhment from Heaven for my having acted deceptiouſly toward a parent whom I was bound to obey and love.—Oh, Edward! if ever you felt that affection you have ſo often profeſſed for me—if ever the name of Eliza was dear—I implore you to treat that beſt and deareſt of mothers with the ſame attention as if nature had made you her ſon!—To the dear infant, who will never recollect the fondneſs of his mother, I intreat you to behave both affectionate and kind; and I make it my dying requeſt, that he may be placed under the care of my mother, who will inſpire him with the love of virtue, and take pleaſure in cultivating his mind.

" I will now inform you of a circumſtance to which you are a ſtranger—I will acknowledge the only fault I am ſenſible of having committed, ſince I became your wife; I will tell you, that I once opened a letter addreſſed to an unfortunate young woman. Previous to my having been guilty of this cenſurable action, I had been informed that another had taken poſſeſſion of your heart, and too fatally was I convinced of the truth of the information, by your frequent and repeated abſence from home. Language cannot deſcribe what I have ſuffered—yet I mean not to reproach you for the miſery I have endured; but recollect, my dear Edward, the day of retribution may not be diſtant, and I implore you to make this unfortunate young woman every recompence in your power.—I have ſeen her, Edward, and acknowledge the ſuperiority of her attractions—Never did I behold ſuch lovelineſs before—No longer ſhall I prove a barrier to your wiſhes—Soon may you acknowledge the deluded Emma as your wife.

" My ſtrength fails—My ſpirits are exhauſted—a thickening miſt overwhelms my eyes.—Adieu, Edward—Farewell, for ever—Venerate my mother—be a parent to my child."

The exertions of writing this affecting epiſtle was too much for Eliza in her debilitated ſtate. She was completely unable to fold up the letter, though ſhe would not ſuffer her mother to be called, until it was ſealed, knowing it would lead to the diſcovery of Emma's hiſtory, and of courſe increaſe that anxiety ſhe already endured. Upon Mrs. Lafcells's entering the apartment, the expiring Eliza extended her arms. " Once more," ſaid ſhe, in enfeebled accents, " let me preſs the deareſt, and beſt of mothers to my heart! Let me thank her for all her proofs of tenderneſs toward me, and implore her to love and cheriſh my darling boy."

" Oh, fly to the doctor!" exclaimed the agonized parent, perceiving that, in the ſhort time of her abſence, her daughter's countenance was changed. " No, my beloved mother, no;" replied Eliza, " let me ſpend the ſhort time that is allowed me, in recommending my ſoul to God! Implore him to receive my

ſpirit,

ſpirit, which now hovers on the brink of eternity, and intreat him to re-unite us in the realms of everlaſting day."—As ſhe ſaid this, ſhe again claſped the boſom of her mother, but, in the ſpace of a few moments, relinquiſhed her hold, turned her languid eyes toward Heaven, and expired—without a groan.

Deſcription of the Roman Sacrificial Vaſes found lately at Carliſle.

THESE antiquities are ſo valuable, both from their rarity, and from the elegance of the workmanſhip, that they muſt be extremely precious in the eyes of the antiquary.—The name that the vaſe is generally diſtinguiſhed by is *præfericulum*, and is underſtood to have been appropriated to holding the incenſe, &c. uſed in the ſacrifice. Many of theſe have been brought from Greece and Sicily, and have been highly eſtimated by the curious for the elegance of the workmanſhip, and the beauty of the relief in the ornaments. But the Grecian veſſels are principally of fine clay or bronze. The vaſes we are ſpeaking of, we believe, are the firſt which have been diſcovered in Britain; and the ſculpture of ſuch a veſſel but once appears among all the altars found in this country: it is on a beautiful Roman altar, diſcovered at Ellenborough, which was removed to Flat Hall, at Whitehaven, and is now in the poſſeſſion of Lord Viſcount Lowther. This altar is inſcribed, " *Genio loci, fortunæ reduci Romæ æternæ et fatæ bon*," &c. and is ſaid to be the moſt curious Roman altar that ever was diſcovered in Britain. This is particularly deſcribed both by Camden and Horſley, who go into a long train of conjectures reſpecting the inſtruments ſculptured on its ſides, which are the *præfericulum*, the *patera*, the axe, and the knife.

The metal which the vaſes in queſtion are formed of, ſeems to be a compoſition of refined braſs, capable of receiving a very high poliſh, and ſo flexible, that it allowed the artificer to form them exceſſively thin. At the top and bottom of the vaſes it is evident that they have been turned and finiſhed in a lathe. From there being no accompanying altar or inſcription, we regret that we cannot ſuppoſe exactly the time of the empire when theſe ſacred veſſels have been uſed. The only guide is the elegant ſculpture of the handles, which conſiſts of four tiers of groups of figures, in excellent workmanſhip, and all apparently illuſtrative of ſacrifice. The uppermoſt ſeems to be two people holding, or preparing, a cow or bullock for ſacrifice; the next taking hold of a bear for the ſame purpoſe; the third a prieſt clothed in his robes, ſtanding at an altar, holding ſomething on it; the lower one, which is the moſt beautiful, is, on the one ſide, a man clothed in complete armour, holding a knife, as if

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going to ſacrifice a ſheep or a lamb, which another perſon below holds up for that purpoſe; on the other ſide the prieſt ſtands, with another knife or ſword attending the ceremony. They are, from their extreme rarity, and from other cauſes unqueſtionably of great value.

This piece of antiquity has been preſerved, becauſe it fell into the hands of a judicious mechanic; but we have heard it aſſerted as a fact, that ſome remain of antiquity, found in that neighbourhood was a few years ago carried to a founder, who conſigned it to the furnace, becauſe no one preſent underſtood that ſuch a thing was of the ſmalleſt value!

Anſwer to the Inquiry reſpecting the Cauſes of Cold, inſerted in Page 97 of our preſent Volume.

To the EDITOR,

SIR,

I In common, I truſt, with a number of your ingenious correſpondents, thank you for your compliance with the ſuggeſtion of "A lover of ſcience," in page 97 of the preſent volume of your work, and I now trouble you with an attempt at the ſolution of the queſtion which you there propoſe. I well recollect the time, when the phænomenon involved in it puzzled me extremely. It appeared to me almoſt inexplicably curious, why, the nearer any body approached the ſun, the great ſource of heat, or, the higher it aſcended in the regions of the atmoſphere, it ſhould not be the warmer, and why the tops of the higheſt mountains ſhould not be the warmeſt portions of the globe. This is ſo far, however, from being the caſe, that in every latitude the temperature conſtantly and gradually diminiſhes, as we ariſe above the level of the ſea, till at a certain height, we arrive at the place where it firſt freezes, during ſome part of the day, all the year round, or, as you call it, at *the term of perpetual congelation*. This region varies in height according to the latitude of the place; it is higheſt at the equator, and deſcends nearer the earth as we approach the poles. It varies likewiſe with the ſeaſon, being higheſt in ſummer, and loweſt in winter. A table, calculated by Mr. Kirwan, enables me to anſwer that part of your queſtion which relates to the mean height of the term of congelation at the latitudes you mention. At the equator, and between the tropics, it is 15,577 feet above the level of the ſea; at lat. 45, or near the lat. of the Alps, it is 7658 feet; at lat. 51, or nearly the lat. of Sherborne, in Dorſet, it is 6529 feet; ſo that if you had a mountain of that height you would be regaled with the ſight of eternal ſnows on its top. At the poles the term of perpetual congelation takes place

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at the level of the ſea. Having ſtated theſe facts, I now endeavour to explain them.

It has been demonſtrated that the rays of the ſun produce no heat unleſs they be abſorbed; that all tranſparent bodies through which they paſs remain unaltered, and, conſequently, that all tranſparent bodies are incapable of being heated by them. Thus, if a piece of charcoal be incloſed in a glaſs phial, it may be ſet on fire, by means of a burning glaſs, before the veſſel which contains it be in the leaſt heated. In the ſame manner, if a piece of ice be placed in a veſſel of water, and expoſed to the rays of the ſun, it is not altered by them. They are tranſmitted through it, and do not ſtop till they ſtrike againſt the opaque ſubſtance of which the veſſel is compoſed; the veſſel abſorbs them, is conſequently heated, and the heat is communicated from it to the water, and from thence to the ice.

As the atmoſphere is a tranſparent body, it is plain then that it cannot be immediately heated by the ſolar rays. Theſe are firſt abſorbed by the earth, and the heat, thus generated, is reflected from thence back into the atmoſphere. The earth, then, is the immediate cauſe of the temperature of the air which ſurrounds it; and, it is now evident, that this temperature muſt diminiſh in proportion as we aſcend above the earth, whence it derives its origin. It is alſo evident, that the height of the laſt particle of this heat, or, in other words, that the height of the term of congelation muſt, in every latitude, be regulated by the quantity of heat generated on the earth, and reflected from its ſurface. Hence we ſee the reaſon why the height of the term of congelation ſhould gradually diminiſh as we proceed from the equator to the poles. The heat produced by the ſolar rays is leſs as they fall more obliquely: Thus, between the tropics, where they are nearly vertical, the line of perpetual cold is 15,577 feet above the level of the ſea; at Sherborne, where they fall more obliquely, and where the heat abſorbed by the earth is conſequently much leſs, it is only 6529 feet. For the ſame reaſon it ought to be at a greater diſtance from the level of the ſea in ſummer than in winter.

The phænomenon which I have attempted to explain, and the cauſe by which it is produced, are neither an unimportant nor an uſeleſs part in the œconomy of nature, and, in ſome countries, miniſter even to the luxuries of man. Were the heat of the atmoſphere to depend immediately on the ſolar rays, the arctic regions, where the ſun ceaſes to riſe for ſo long a time, would experience during all that time the total abſence of heat. The mean temperature, however, even of theſe regions, is 31 degrees (of Fah.); for the intenſeneſs of their ſummer's ſun communicates a heat to the earth, which it retains and gives out ſlowly during winter. It thus mitigates the rigour of a cold which would otherwiſe be inſupportable, and they are again cheered by the

beams of the ſun, before the earth has had time to be cooled down to a certain degree. It may be remarked by the bye, that this is the reaſon why the coldeſt weather does not take place at the winter ſolſtice, but generally during the month of January, when the temperature of the earth is loweſt; and, *vice verſa*, that the greateſt heat does not take place at the ſummer ſolſtice, but in the months of July or Auguſt, when the temperature of the earth has arrived at it acme.

In many warm countries the ſnow and ice generated on the tops of their high mountains are highly neceſſary to the comfort, nay even to the exiſtence of the inhabitants. We are told by Mr. Brydone, that for ſome months of the year Sicily would hardly be habitable, were it not for the ices procured from Mount Etna, and which form the greateſt luxury at a Sicilian table. They are exported from thence to many parts of Italy; and the Biſhop of Etna derives from their ſale two-thirds of his revenue.

S. B.

February 10, 1804.

An Account of an Eſtabliſhment at Chaillot, in France, for the Reception of aged Perſons of both Sexes.

(Concluded from Page 155.)

I Have entered into theſe details merely to ſhew that there is no unreaſonable reſtriction on their amuſements, and that they are entirely their own maſters. Upon the whole, I obſerved that they were all, more or leſs, engaged in religious exerciſes. There was a charm in this retreat which imagination only can picture to the mind. At that period of life, when both mind and body require repoſe, when it is neceſſary old age ſhould abſtract itſelf from the buſy hum of men, and "walk penſive on the ſilent, ſolemn ſhore of that vaſt ocean it muſt ſail ſo ſoon," what can be more conſolatory than the conſciouſneſs of having a retreat where our wants are ſupplied by the exertions of our former induſtry, and where our infirmities are alleviated without reluctance or repining!

It has been alledged, and raſhly alledged, againſt moſt of the governments of Europe, that there is nothing ſeen but youth going to the gallows, and old age to the work-houſe. A government can no more be reſponſible for the misfortunes than for the crimes of its ſubjects; both of theſe moſt commonly reſult from vicious courſes, or habits of inattention in early life: all, therefore, that can be expected from government, is, to give a proper direction to charitable proviſions, and to guard them with the ſacred ſanction of the law. There are ſome in-

ſtances, in which, perhaps, its foſtering care may be uſefully exerted to rear infant inſtitutions; but, in general, it will be found a true maxim of public economy, that theſe ſhould ſpring from the natural ſympathy of mankind: nothing is needful for government, but a vigilant providence, to ſee that they are adminiſtered with honeſty, and according to their original principles. This fact has been illuſtrated in Britain, in which, as I before ſtated, there exiſts more uſeful monuments of piety and benevolence, than in all the other countries of Europe put together.

If theſe principles be juſt, and if the inſtitution of which I have given an account be of that utility and importance to ſociety which it appears to be, ſurely it merits the conſideration of our charitable gentry and public-ſpirited countrymen, whether ſimilar inſtitutions might not be eſtabliſhed in England.

In the courſe of my viſits to Chaillot, M. Duchailla has often expreſſed a wiſh that a ſimilar eſtabliſhment ſhould be attempted in England. At firſt, it appeared to me liable to ſome objections, but theſe he ſatisfactorily removed. I objected to it, as ſtriking at the root of one of the beſt principles of moral obligation. Reſpect for our aged parents is not only a principle of morality ſtrongly inculcated in our religious homilies, but is alſo a quality inherent in the character of Britons. Such an inſtitution might have a tendency to give a ſhock to thoſe filial affections, and to deſtroy or to weaken in the human ſoul one of its nobleſt feelings; beſides, it would look as if we meant to canonize ingratitude, and to place old age in the light of a burthenſome load on the community. Barbarous nations, from a miſtaken ſenſe of affection, united, perhaps, with ſtrong feelings of ſelf-preſervation, are accuſtomed to deſtroy the old, in order that the young may live. It ariſes from the ſeverity of their mode of living, the difficulty in procuring ſuſtenance, and the want of economy in hoarding it when obtained. But in civilized countries, where agriculture, arts, and commerce, not only flouriſh, but enable one country to exchange its ſurplus for the native commodities of another; and where the greater degree of population promiſes a greater degree of ſtock, ſuch motives can never for a moment enter the breaſt of a human being. I am aware, that it was propoſed in the jacobin club ſome years ago, that all the old people ſhould be knocked on the head, or ſtarved to death, leſt they ſhould conſume what would be neceſſary for the ſupport of the ſoldier and the active citizen: but this abominable principle was never carried into execution. Even in that wild and guilty aſſembly, there were ſome perſons who had not altogether abandoned the feelings of civilized men.

This argument, therefore, cannot apply to poliſhed life; and farther, it ſhould be conſidered that thoſe who were the authors

of our exiſtence have alſo moſt commonly been the authors of our proſperity. Hence, they have a two-fold claim to our gratitude, which would be entirely defeated, if they were thus to be transferred from the cottage which had been reared by their induſtry; and neglected in their utmoſt need, to be buried alive, without one friend to cloſe their eyes.

This is the language of ſentiment; an admirable baſis for poetical ſuperſtructure, but not always the moſt uſeful monitor in the practice of life. That this is the fact, is evident from the unanſwerable reaſons which mature reflection oppoſes to theſe objections.

In the firſt place, the objections are miſapplied, becauſe it is not the object of this inſtitution to deſtroy, but to give efficacy to domeſtic attachments. For any perſon who enters into it may at all times experience the attentions of kindred, by receiving their viſits, or by viſiting them in his turn.

Secondly. It is not intended for the rich and fortunate, but for thoſe only who cannot otherwiſe provide for themſelves, or be provided for by their friends.

Thirdly. More comforts and enjoyments, more attentions, can be procured under one eſtabliſhment for a number of perſons in ſimilar circumſtances, than for the ſame perſons when diſperſed individually in private houſes.

Fourthly. It is not neceſſary that every one who becomes a member of this ſociety ſhould be either a father or a mother. There are a multitude of unmarried perſons, of both ſexes, to whom ſuch an eſtabliſhment offers an happy aſylum, beſides married perſons who have no children or whoſe children may be dead.

Fifthly. Many fathers and mothers of families would prefer the ſociety of perſons of their own age and circumſtances.

Sixthly. It is better than the work-houſe; becauſe, though moderate exerciſe be neceſſary to old age, labour is hurtful. It is the right of the perſons who become members of it; they have always had it in contemplation, they have always paid their quota towards it, and they have had frequent opportunities of ſeeing the happineſs and comforts which it has conferred.

Seventhly. If they ſhould be diſcontented with the inſtitution, they may leave it.

On theſe conſiderations, and after having witneſſed the happy effects of the inſtitution at Chaillot, I am perſuaded ſimilar eſtabliſhments would be thankfully received by every rational man in our country, who at all reflects on the uncertain chances of proſperity in this life.

How many induſtrious perſons are there, who, in the midſt of their toil and honeſt purſuits, contemplate the approach of old age with horror! How many, who have lived reſpectably, are met by misfortune in the decline of life! Can there be no refuge between

between death and the work-houſe? Can there be no encouragement held out for ſecuring a retreat againſt misfortune, and the inevitable ills attendant on old age? Look at Chaillot! View there an eſtabliſhment, ſupported by the ſavings of individuals, ſo inconſiderable as to be ſcarcely noticed, much leſs felt in the buſtle of active life, but which have raiſed for old age and infirmity a dwelling of independence, open to them as their right, and as the fruits of their prudence and economy. Health and contentment are depicted on every countenance; the charms of ſociety, and the ſalubrity of this place, ſo powerfully influence the condition of its peaceful inhabitants, that to uſe M. Duchailla's own expreſſion, "they never die."

You muſt now attend to M. Duchailla's own account of his eſtabliſhment.

RETREAT FOR OLD AGE AT CHAILLOT.

After the obligation of acting juſtly towards all men, benevolence is the firſt and moſt ſacred duty of ſociety. This conſiſts in exerting a parental care over all the individuals of the ſame family, in affording them either reſources in old age and infirmities, or procuring them ſhelter, even during opulence, againſt the reverſes of fortune and events. But in order to attain theſe deſirable objects, a method ſhould be deviſed to eſtabliſh this ſuccour for indigence, without its becoming a burthen on the government. This cannot be better effected than by holding out a proſpect to induſtry, by which the preſent moment may be rendered ſubſervient to the aſſiſtance of the future; by which induſtry itſelf may generate the means of protection for the unfortunate, and, by an eaſy and trifling economy, give a certain property to thoſe, who, worn out by age, or become infirm, poſſeſs none.

Several zealous and humane perſons, who wiſh to befriend the unfortunate, have united to execute this beneficent plan, which requires only a voluntary ſacrifice, according to a progreſſion almoſt imperceptible to perſons who are not even in eaſy circumſtances. Thoſe who are reduced by infirmities or misfortune to a ſorrowful ſtate of exiſtence, and who dread to die in an hoſpital, will find in the execution of this plan a ſure aſylum, the moſt conſoling attentions, whatever may alleviate their condition, and procure them comfort and tranquillity for the reſt of their days.

The difference between this inſtitution and hoſpitals conſiſts in this: the ſubſcriber has a right to the poſſeſſion of this property for life, acquired by his own economy and labour, and for which he is indebted neither to the compaſſion, nor to the liberality of others. Here no act of benevolence humbles ſelf-love, or mortifies pride. It is every man's own act, and prudence and reaſon regulate the care, the exerciſe, the proportion,

and the produce of the inſtitution. This inſtitution has a direct tendency to encourage morality, by habituating perſons to make a proper uſe of a ſmall portion of their profits, or of the ſurplus of their labour, which is too often ſquandered in debaucheries; it will animate them to be induſtrious, as an infallible reſource againſt adverſity, which is inſeparable from old age without fortune. The number of hoſpitals, and the expences which they occaſion, will be diminiſhed; the vaſt numbers of poor who are without a retreat will no longer be ſeen: this diſtreſſing ſpectacle, which is continually increaſing, and is diſgraceful to humanity, may be transformed, with the greateſt eaſe, into the ſight of one active and induſtrious family, always ſure of reſources for the preſent and the future.

The plan which is at preſent ſubmitted to the public is ſimple and unexpenſive, its execution prompt, and within the abilities of any perſon. Reaſon and calculation demonſtrate that there ſhould be an imperiſhable ſource of beneficence.

This inſtitution of a ſafe retreat for old age and infirmity, is founded for perſons of all orders, and of both ſexes without diſtinction.

Having given you the plan of this moſt admirable inſtitution, it will ſcarcely be deemed an irreverent zeal on my part, when I expreſs a wiſh to ſee the ſyſtem followed in England, with all thoſe modifications which it will require to render it practicable there.

Some years ago, Mr. Pitt ſubmitted ſeveral propoſals as amendments to the poor laws, one of which ſtruck me forcibly for its uſe and moral tendency. It was to give occupation to the poor in their homeſteads, inſtead of dragging them to the work-houſe for employment. This was a generous and uſeful amendment, worthy of the great mind that conceived it: unfortunately, it was never adopted.

The plan here propoſed is not for that deſcription of perſons called paupers, who may have juſt claims on the national bounty, but for decayed perſons, who have toiled their day, and are reſolved to toil no more; who conceive that there is a time for reſt as well as for labour, and who, in contemplation of that moment, lay up ſmall portions of their income to provide a reſpectable home and retreat of their own, inſtead of wearing themſelves out by continual labour and exertion. The ſmiles of fortune are often inſiduous, and thoſe who have experienced her frowns need not be taught this leſſon. A proviſion of this nature muſt, therefore, have a tendency to lighten the cares of the world, and to afford a multitude of conſolatory reflections in the midſt of ſorrow and diſappointments. Perhaps we may be unconſcious of the ſentiment when we are old; but, in the meridian of life, we cannot fail to perceive that numbers of the aged are too often regarded as ſo much dead ſtock on the community.

munity. For my own part, I wiſh to ſee ſuch an inſtitution merely for the ſake of maintaining a conſciouſneſs of independence, while tottering on the brink of the grave. If thoſe with whom I am connected were weak and wicked enough to neglect and treat me as an incumbrance, becauſe I am helpleſs, I ſhall know where to live without them; and if, after having paid my ſubſcription regularly, circumſtances ſhould be ſuch as not to render it neceſſary for me to take advantage of this aſylum, I ſhall enjoy nevertheleſs, the lively gratification of having contributed to the ſupport of an inſtitution, which is connected with the humanity, the honour, and the independence of mankind.

Since my firſt viſit to Chaillot, I have had the moſt flattering account of the progreſs of the inſtitution. The firſt conſul (who had before paid thirty ſubſcriptions) has founded ſeveral places in the eſtabliſhment, and has confided the ſuperintendance of them to the archbiſhop of Paris, an aged and reſpectable man, who, from his own experience of misfortune, will be able to ſelect ſuch unfortunate perſons as deſerve no longer to remain ſo. The archbiſhop, attended by a number of his clergy, thought proper to viſit Chaillot before he made a ſingle nomination. He was ſtruck with admiration at the beauty of the ſituation, the purity of the air, the neatneſs of every apartment, and the order and decorum which are obſerved. When dinner was on table, eighty-ſeven aged perſons of both ſexes appeared, with countenances expreſſive of the greateſt happineſs and ſatisfaction: ſome of them declared, they felt themſelves as much at eaſe as when they were in their own families. The archbiſhop imagined he was the dean (the eldeſt) of the houſe; but, on examination, it was found that Madame de Gand, a widow, had the advantage of him. He was ſo ſenſibly affected at this ſerene ſpectacle, that he ſhed tears, and expreſſed his regret that he had not before been made acquainted with this aſylum, for in that caſe the firſt conſul muſt have forced him out of it, to have raiſed him to the epiſcopal ſee of Paris.

A ſubſcription is the eſſential and indiſpenſable condition of acquiring the right of admiſſion, according to which every ſubſcriber muſt pay regularly and punctually ten-pence per month, from ten to thirty years of age: one ſhilling and three-pence per month, from thirty to fifty; one ſhilling and eight-pence per month, from fifty to ſeventy years of age. Theſe different payments will amount to 45l. which muſt be completely paid before a perſon can acquire the right of admiſſion. Hence, if any one more than ten years of age ſhould offer as a ſubſcriber, he or ſhe muſt depoſit, at the time of ſubſcription, and according to his or her age, the ſum which would have been paid if the ſubſcription had commenced at ten. In order to give encouragement to benevolence, all perſons who may be diſpoſed

to

to ſubſcribe may transfer their right to as many perſons as they have made ſubſcriptions, on condition that the perſon who ſhall be benefited by the transfer ſhall be, as nearly as poſſible, of the ſame age with his benefactor, and that he ſhall not be admitted before he has reached ſeventy years of age, and paid the 45l. This transferred ſubſcription is extinguiſhed by the death of the ſubſtitute. The funds are placed on ſecurities, and ſubjected to an adminiſtration which is in every reſpect ſafe and undeniable.

Account of the melancholy Fate of that ingenious Voyager, M. Peyrouſe, and his Companions.

THE public are not a little intereſted in the fate of theſe unfortunate perſons. The following account of it appeared in the Mercantile Advertiſer of December 19, 1803, which is publiſhed at New York:

"The certainty of the fate of the two ſhips, under the direction of M. Peyrouſe, will give relief to the public mind, though we muſt ever deplore the melancholy event which deprived the world of the ſervices of that truly eminent commander. By ſeveral gentlemen, lately from the Iſle of France, it is reported —That a Daniſh ſhip, in her paſſage to China, in the eaſtern route, took from an uninhabited iſland an officer and four or five men belonging to the ſhips commanded by M. Peyrouſe, who were ſo emaciated and worn down for want of food, that they ſurvived only a few days; and that papers containing the hiſtory of their ſhipwreck, and particulars of getting on ſhore among the natives, &c. were in poſſeſſion of the government of the Iſle of France.

"The tale related by the unfortunate officer and men to the Danes on board the ſhip before they died, is, as nearly as we can learn as follows:—the ſhips left Port Jackſon, and, after ſailing ſome time were unfortunately driven among the rocks, and ſhipwrecked; the principal part of the officers and crews landed in ſafety, and preſerved great part of the ſtores, &c. They found the natives numerous, and apparently hoſpitable; after remaining ſome time on the moſt peaceable terms with them, it was determined to build a ſmall veſſel from parts of the wreck, and the ſtately trees abounding in the neighbourhood, and to ſeek out ſome European ſettlement, whence they could procure a paſſage to their own country. In the proſecution of this hopeful ſcheme, they cut down ſeveral trees to commence the buſineſs; not thinking it of any conſequence to the natives, they did not formally aſk leave of them to uſe their timber; the ſavages, however, moſt unluckily conceiving their rights invaded, became inſtantly alarmed, and all their former friendly inter-

courſe immediately ceaſed. It was not long before they became perfectly hoſtile, and, watching an opportunity when the French were off their guard (which was unhappily ſometimes the caſe from neceſſity, but too frequently from want of diſcipline), they fell upon them from all quarters in a very numerous body, when a moſt horrible maſſacre enſued.

"The voyage of M. Peyrouſe had been brought up within a few days to this fatal period, and had been depoſited in a ſafe place known to all the officers; the officer, who had eſcaped thus far in the cruel buſineſs, flew to the ſpot, ſnatched the papers, fled to one of the boats, where he was joined by four or five men, and inſtantly put to ſea, leaving his unhappy countrymen in the mercileſs hands of the ſavages, whom they ſuppoſed were very ſoon overpowered and butchered by their treacherous friends. Happy to find themſelves out of the reach of one danger, they continued braving others until they fell in with an iſland, where they landed (and here probably loſt their boat.) On this iſland they remained ſome months, perhaps many ſuffering extremely from the want of food and raiment, until providence brought the Daniſh ſhip to their relief, which took them off in a wretched ſituation, worn down by hunger and thirſt to ſkeletons. Notwithſtanding every attention was paid them which humanity could dictate or tenderneſs ſuggeſt, they ſurvived only time enough to relate their woeful tale."

EXTRAORDINARY FOX CHACE.

THE hounds of Mr. Dickinſon, who hunts the country about Leighton, Buzzard, and Bedfordſhire, lately met with the following curious circumſtance:—A fox was taken alive, and for two or three days previouſly to his being turned out, was ſhut up in a ſhed very near the kennel. On the day appointed he was taken in a bag, and turned out into a piece of furze, about thirteen miles from home. After allowing him about a quarter of an hour's law, the hounds were daſhed into the covert, and inſtantly broke in full cry, when after a ſharp burſt of 20 minutes, the huntſman found his error, in that they had run the heel of a ſhepherd's dog. The owner of the pack, not a little piqued for the credit of his hounds, propoſed to try back, and they went again to the furze, where the fox was firſt looſed. As ſoon as they had put the terrier into the furze, he unkennelled poor Reynard, who went ſtrait an end near twenty miles, he was however headed, took his old haunt the furze in his way back, and finding himſelf cloſely preſſed, found his way to the very door where he was firſt confined. He made repeated attempts to get in, and a ſervant had no ſooner run to open the door than he took refuge in the kennel, where the door was ſhut on him. The whole pack made up to the door, but he croſſed the ſportſmen too, for they were all thrown out. When they came the kennel door was thrown open, and he was torn to pieces by the hounds.

POPULATION

OF THE

COUNTY *of* CORNWALL.

From the Lists lately returned by Order of Government.

Chief Places.	*Houses.*	*Males.*	*Females*	*Total Persons.*
St. Auſtle,	707	1874	1914	3788
Bodmin,	342	1170	1229	2299
Callington,	145	289	530	819
Camborne,	898	2307	2504	4811
St. Columb Major,	321	849	967	1816
St. Columb Minor,	209	490	509	999
Eaſt Looe,	126	207	260	467
Falmouth,	468	1466	2218	3684
Fowey,	239	492	663	1155
St. Germans,	366	1007	1023	2030
Grampound,	85	233	292	525
Helſton,	313	978	1270	2248
St. Ives,		1156	1558	2714
Kilkhampton,	163	391	417	808
Launceſton,	226	641	842	1483
Liſkeard,	507	1252	1556	1708
Marazion,	224	411	598	1009
Mevagiſſey,	313	897	1155	2052
Moorwinſtow,	142	419	455	874
Padſtow,	201	595	737	1332
Penryn,	305	919	1405	2324
Penzance,	694	1356	2026	3382
Redruth,	664	2287	1637	4924
Saltaſh,	160	508	642	1150
Stratton,	199	424	536	960
Tregony,	134	414	523	937
Truro,	702	1878	2465	4343
Weſt Looe,	82	164	212	376
Remaining Pariſhes	25443	64794	68258	133252
Total Population excluſive of Army and Navy	34378	89368	98401	188269

Baptiſms & Burials in Cornwall.

Years.	*Baptiſms.*	*Burials.*
1700	3148	2316
1710	2748	2503
1720	3159	2683
1730	3523	4033
1740	3454	3535
1750	4017	2705
1760	4184	2780
1770	4589	2892
1780	4764	4146
1781	4949	3508
1782	4832	3108
1783	4948	3190
1784	4555	3344
1785	4671	3566
1786	5787	3400
1787	5326	3014
1788	5460	3266
1789	5176	3405
1790	5391	3967
1791	5449	3071
1792	5618	3177
1793	5690	3160
1794	5585	3073
1795	5822	3814
1796	5495	3161
1797	5944	3435
1798	5819	3217
1799	5893	3402
1800	5788	3005

Collected from the Regiſters of 196 Pariſh Churches and Chapels in Cornwall.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE *of* DR. STUKELEY.

ADDRESSED TO THE ANTIQUARIANS.

THE late Mr. Pine, the engraver and herald, who was a very ſenſible man, uſed to relate a fact which ſhewed Dr. Stukeley's character as an antiquarian. As the doctor and ſome curious perſons, among whom was Mr. Pine, were viſiting certain antiquities in Hertfordſhire, they came to a certain place called Cæſar's ſtile, ſituated on the brow of an eminence; no ſooner was the place named, than the doctor ſtopped all of a ſudden, and after an attentive ſurvey of the neighbouring ground, pronounced it to be directly the ſcite of a fortified paſs, which Cæſar had left behind him, in his march from Coway Stakes to Verulam. Some of the company demurring to this opinion, a debate aroſe, and an aged labouring man coming up, the doctor aſked him with great confidence, whether that was not called Cæſar's ſtile? "Aye, maſter, (ſaid the old man) that it is; I have good reaſon to know it; for many a day did I work upon it for old Bob Cæſar; reſt his ſoul! he lived in yonder farm, and a ſad road it was before he made this ſtile."

AN EXTRAORDINARY PILGRIMAGE.

PILGRIMAGES were the devotion of the ſixteenth century. A queen of France, it is ſuppoſed Catherine de Medicis, made a vow, that if ſome concerns which ſhe had undertaken, terminated ſucceſsfully, ſhe would ſend a pilgrim to Jeruſalem, who would walk there, and every three ſteps he advanced, he ſhould go one back at every third ſtep. It was doubtful whether there could be found a man ſufficiently ſtrong to go on foot, and of ſufficient patience to go back one ſtep at every third. A citizen of Verberie offered himſelf, and promiſed to accompliſh the queen's vow moſt ſcrupulouſly. The queen accepted his offer, and promiſed him an adequate recompence. He fulfilled his engagement with the greateſt exactneſs, of which the queen was well aſſured by conſtant enquiries.

The citizen, who was a merchant, received on his return a conſiderable ſum of money, and was ennobled. His coat of arms were a croſs and a branch of palm-tree. His deſcendants preſerved the arms; but they degenerated, by continuing that commerce which their father quitted.

This anecdote is related in the Nouvelle Hiſtoire du Duche de Valois. The author mentions it as a proof that the moſt reſpectable cuſtoms are ſometimes as much expoſed to ridicule as real abuſes.

Anſwer, by T. Rutger, of Clowance, to W. Bickham's Anagram, inſerted Jan. 9.

BERA, it is, I am quite clear,
You'd fain transform into a BEAR!

☞ We have received the like anſwer from A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; R. Holwell, H. Humphreys, and J. Squance, of Exeter; R. Bartlett, of Lopen; G. Holland, of Stoke Abbot; W. Mann, of Aſhburton; J. Channon, of Ottery; R. Horſey, of Wellington; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; Recluſe, of Awliſcombe; G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot; and W. Gifford, of South Petherton.

Anſwer, by J. Chubb, of Everſhot, to A. Kyne's Charade, inſerted January 9.

WHEN war, deſtructive war! with deſolating train,
Around doth ſpread her devaſtations drear,
The CHAIN-SHOT oft augment the numerous ſlain,
And rob the mother of her children dear.

*** We have received the like anſwer from W. Strong, J. Squance, Thomas Whicker, and R. Holwell, of Exeter; Recluſe, of Awliſcombe; Thomas Rutger, of Clowance; R. Bartlett, and J. Rouſell, of Lopen; G. Hann, jun. and G. Holland, of Stoke Abbot; W. Mann, of Aſhburton; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; J. Channon, of Ottery; E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel; W. Gifford, of South Petherton; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; and R. Horſey, of Wellington.

A REBUS, *by J. B. Bloomfield, of Poole.*

AN Engliſh admiral firſt declare;
An Engliſh general make appear;
An Engliſh title now pray find;
An Engliſh ſhip then bring to mind;
An Engliſh peer you ſhould ſelect;
An Engliſh town likewiſe detect:
If theſe initials you combine,
An Engliſh admiral then you'll find.

An ENIGMA, *by W. Strong, of Exeter.*

WAS I to write how long my reign has been,
Where born and bred, and who's my neareſt kin,
From whence I came, or where my native land,
How grown ſo famous, and what wealth in hand,
'Twould fill a folio with the lengthen'd tale,
And hold ſo long that intellects would fail.
Suffice to ſay, that to my matchleſs parts
Mankind's indebted for the uſeful arts;
Each poliſh'd ſcience, and each comfort known,
A field of knowledge, and the ſeed there ſown;
For to the world's extremeſt point my name,
Where man reſides, I'm known to tatling fame;
Nay ſince whate'er you uſe, whate'er you ſee,
Save nature's ſelf, ſupports my heraldry.

I give to man the means of making peace;
Of earning riches with a fair increaſe,
Of making war, and give to him the ſteel,
Which thouſands murder, to which thouſands kneel;
But in fair commerce doth my riches ſhine,
There glory, power, andricheſt plenty's mine.

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

Addreſs to Mr. J——S——, St. Aubyn-ſtreet, Plymouth Dock.

RESUME, my friend, the golden lyre,
While youth and genial years inſpire
The ever varying theme;
For mark, thro' meditation's glaſs,
How ſwift the ſtealthful moments paſs
Of life's eventful dream.

Behold on faſhion's fatal tide
The ſons of vice, with impious pride,
Extend the daring ſail,
'Till (rudder loſt, and canvaſs torn)
They float a hopeleſs wreck forlorn
Before the adverſe gale.

Whene'er I view thy placid face,
With inexpreſſive joy I trace
Thoſe riches of the mind,
Thoſe beauteous flow'rs, which o'er the land
Fair genius ſtrews with ſparing hand,
And mortals ſeldom find.

And be it ſtill thy aim to riſe
To where the virtuous and the wife,
Secluded from the throng,
Surround Apollo's laurell'd ſhrine
And tune, with extaſy divine,
Their ſcientific ſong.

Dock. PALEMON.

A NEW LOYAL SONG,

By a CORNISHMAN.

BRITONS to arms! advance!
Scorn the vain threats of France;
March to the field.
Boldly your foes defy,
Fearleſs to let them, fly,
Bravely reſolve to die,
Rather than yield.

Is there a heart ſo cold,
That could unmov'd behold,
Britain's laſt ſigh?
Could you with Gallia's ire,
Towns ravag'd, ſword and fire,
Murders and rapine dire,
Baſely comply?

Arm to preſerve your lives,
Children, and friends, and wives—
Ev'ry thing dear;
Merit the world's applauſe,
Defend your country's cauſe,
Religion, king, and laws,
All you revere.

Rally around the throne;
George makes your fate his own,
He'll face the foe.
If as the conſul boaſts,
France ſhould invade our coaſts,
To rout her furious hoſts
Boldly we'll go.

Then let us join to ſing,
"God ſave great George our king,"
"Long may he reign."
May flav'ry ne'er defile
Britannia's happy iſle;
But peace and plenty ſmile,
On her domain!

A WAR SONG.

TO horſe! to horſe! the ſtandard flies,
The bugle ſounds the call;
The Gallic navy ſtems the ſeas,
The voice of battle's on the breeze,
Arouſe ye, one and all!

From high Dunedin's towers we come,
A band of brothers true;
Our caſques the leopard's ſpoils ſurround,
With Scotland's hardy thiſtle crown'd;
We boaſt the red and blue.*

Tho' tamely crouch to Gallia's frown,
Dull Holland's tardy train;
Their raviſh'd toys tho' Romans mourn,
Tho' gallant Switzers vainly ſpurn,
And, foaming, gnaw the chain.

O! had they mark'd the avenging call
Their brethren's murder gave,
Diſunion ne'er their ranks had mown,
Nor patriot valour, deſperate grown,
Sought freedom in the grave!

Shall we, too, bend the ſtubborn head,
In freedom's temple born,
Dreſs

* The royal colours.

Dreſs our pale cheek in timid ſmile,
To hail a maſter in our iſle,
Or brook a victor's ſcorn?

No! tho' deſtruction o'er the land
Come pouring as a flood,
The ſun that ſees our falling day
Shall mark our ſabres' deadly ſway,
And ſet that night in blood.

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,
Or plunder's bloody gain;
Unbrib'd, unbought, our ſwords we draw,
To guard our king, to fence our law,
Nor ſhall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of Britiſh gale
Shall fan the tri-colour,
Or footſtep of invader rude,
With rapine foul, and red with blood,
Pollute our happy ſhore:

Then farewell home, and farewell friends,
Adieu each tender tie!
Reſolv'd, we mingle in the tide,
Where charging ſquadrons furious ride,
To conquer or to die.

To horſe! to horſe! the ſabres gleam,
High ſounds our bugle call;
Combin'd by honour's ſacred tie,
Our word is, laws and liberty!
March forward, one and all!

PATRIOTIC ODE.

BRITONS ariſe, to empire born!
Avaunt deſpair and haggard fear!
'Tis your's to make the tyrant mourn,
And ſtop the French inſulting ſneer.

The flaming Britiſh flag unfurl!
Triumphant rule the ſubject main!
On Gallia's ſhores deſtruction hurl!
O'er conquer'd nations proudly reign!

'Tis Heaven that bids the Britiſh race
Subdue each vain aſpiring foe,
Raiſe the depreſs'd with manly grace,
And ſmooth the wrinkled face of woe.

Know, he that in his country's cauſe
Th' infernal ſword of treachery braves,
Tho' doom'd to fall ſhall gain applauſe,
While Britain triumphs on the waves.

The ſculptur'd monument ſhall tell
The martial proweſs of his arm,
And emblems, pointing how he fell,
Shall youth with emulation warm.

HYMN *on* SUNDAY.

By Dr. BURNEY.

AGAIN the day returns of holy reſt,
Which, when he made the world Jehovah bleſt,
When, like his own, he bade our labours ceaſe,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

While impious men deſpiſe thy ſage decree,
From vain deceit, and falſe philoſophy,
Let us its wiſdom own, its bleſſings feel,
Receive with gratitude, perform with zeal.

Let us devote this conſecrated day,
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
In pure religion's hallow'd duty ſhare,
And join in penitence, and join in prayer.

So ſhall the God of Mercy pleas'd receive,
That only tribute man has power to give;
So ſhall he hear, while fervently we raiſe,
Our choral harmony in hymns of praiſe.

Father of Heaven! in whom our hopes confide,
Whoſe power defends us, and whoſe precepts guide;
In life our guardian, and in death our friend,
Glory ſupreme be thine till time ſhall end.

TO A VAIN YOUNG LADY.

DIDST thou think leſs of thy dear ſelf,
Far more would others think of thee;
Sweet Anne! the knowledge of thy wealth
Reduces thee to poverty.
Boon nature gave wit, beauty, health,
On thee, as on her darling pitching;
Could'ſt thou forget thou'rt thus enrich'd,
Thou would'ſt become that moment rich in!
And wert thou not ſo ſelf-bewitch'd,
Sweet Anne! thou wert, indeed, bewitching.

T. M.

January, 1804.